

It's Stranger Than Fiction. by theweakestthing

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Summary:

"I'm not going in the fucking sewer, it's full of shit and piss and lord knows what else, I'll stay out here," Steve said, sneering as he stared down at the water already around Jonathan's and Nancy's ankles.

"Fine, but Will might be down there and I need to find him, I don't need you whining all the time, you'd just slow me down anyways," Jonathan returned as he turned away, he stared into the long winding and dark tunnel wondering whether he'd actually find Will or not. It didn't matter if it was improbable, even if there was just a 0.000001% that he'd find Will down there Jonathan still needed to know.

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"I'm not kissing you if you smell like a sewer," Steve said, it was juvenile and defiant, but he knew he couldn't stop Jonathan from going in there and searching for his brother, it didn't matter what he said.

"I think I can wait long enough to have a shower before I need to kiss you again Steve," Jonathan returned with a hint of condescension in his tone, Nancy snickered beside him.

"You're not really going in there, are you Nance?" Steve said, ignoring Jonathan's statement, brows raised at her.

"Of course I am, Will is Mike's best friend and it's the least I can do," Nancy replied with defiance, she wore a look on her face that said 'just try and stop me'.

"Wow, didn't know you were such a badass Nance," Steve said, a little in awe while still grossed out by the stench that continued to rise up aided by the sweltering summer heat.

Their heads snapped toward the direction of the woods at the sound of a commotion drawing closer, shortly after three kids broke through the trees and those kids were shortly followed by another group of kids. Jonathan and Nancy easily recognised the first three, Mike, Lucas and Dustin.

"Keep running Mike," Lucas urged, he was close behind the other with Dustin trailing slightly behind them.

The kids came to a stop at the edge of the river, Jonathan and Nancy rushed out of the sewer entrance while Steve just continued to stand and stare. Nancy picked up a rock and launched it at the kids chasing Mike, Lucas and Dustin, it hit the closest kid right on the head.

"Whoa, nice shot Nance," Steve groaned, thoroughly impressed.

"Oi, get away from my brother," Nancy yelled as she began to approach the kids, the one she'd hit looked seconds from crying.

"Are we really hitting children now?" Jonathan asked in a whisper, a hint of amusement in his voice.

"We're not exactly adults yet Byers, it's fine as long as these kids are jerks," Steve replied, bumping the other's shoulder as they trailed behind Nancy.

"Jeez bitch what's your problem!" The kid yelled as he held his palm to his head, his friends stood behind him and sent bewildered looks between each other.

"You and if you don't leave my brother and his friends alone we'll beat the shit out of you," Nancy yelled as she bent down to pick up another rock.

"Jesus Christ Nance don't pull us into your child beating," Steve muttered beneath his breath from where he stood slightly behind her.

"Thought it was fine as long as they were jerks," Jonathan replied in hushed tones, his arm brushed against Steve's side as he stopped beside the other.

"Yeah, but not if she kills them," Steve returned, brow arched pointedly as he looked over at Jonathan.

"This isn't worth it," one of the other kids said, he pulled on the shoulder of the kid that Nancy had hit.

"Fine, but this isn't the last you've seen of us," the boy yelled, shaking

with rage as he watched Nancy approach.

"I'm going to keep this rock and if I ever see you again I'm going to use it," Nancy threatened, she slid the rock into her backpack.

The kids left, they hurried along the riverside and Mike flipped them off as they went, like sister like brother Steve figured. They stood together then, the boys were still breathing a little harshly from running through the woods as unhealthy as they were.

"Whoa Nancy, I never knew you were such a badass," Dustin gossed as he looked up at her in awe.

"What are you doing out here?" Mike asked, voice sharp but his tone didn't seem to surprise Nancy in the slightest, much to Steve's own surprise.

"Looking for Will," Jonathan spoke up, he looked back at the sewer, Steve noticed and spoke up in the strangely ominous silence.

"You kids okay?" Steve asked, the woods that led to the edge of the river were atop a particularly steep hill and it was a wonder that none of them had come rolling out of it. Maybe the fear and adrenaline had made them more nimble, Steve didn't know, mostly he just wanted to stop talking about the sewer and forget that it was only 50 or so yards behind him.

"We're fine, what do you mean looking for Will?" Lucas asked, brows furrowed as he stared at the small group of older teens.

"Jonathan thinks that maybe we'll find him in the sewer," Steve said, no malice or condescension, he just stated it and continued to stand beside his boyfriend. He might not have liked it or even believed it, but if Jonathan thought it was worth looking at then Steve wasn't going to stop him, he might whine about it though.

"That makes so much sense," Lucas returned sarcastically, arms folded over his chest.

"It doesn't have to make sense," Steve said, jaw tight, over the time he'd known Jonathan he'd become increasingly protective of the younger, not that Jonathan really needed all that much protecting.

Steve just couldn't stand the thought of Jonathan going through any of this turmoil alone, he couldn't stand the thought that he'd once not been there, that he'd once been the reason for Jonathan's turmoil. It didn't have to make sense because Steve would go through hell and high water for Jonathan.